

# THROUGH LEADEN HAIL

BY ERNEST JARROLD

Copyright, 1908, by Ernest Jarrold.

Mrs. Williams was leaning over the bag she went to a customer's shop. By and by when the postman came. She the payment of \$3 she was instructed dried her hands on her apron and took in all the arts necessary to transform the postal card from his hand. The herself into a man. The message was brief, but eloquent. It read:

Dear Mother—I have enlisted in the Seventy-first regiment. I will be with you in the face because I am with an utter failure. I will send you all my news. We have already started for the front. Goodbye. Yours, William.

The postal card fluttered to the floor. The daylight seemed to fade into a



BURYING HER FACE IN HER HANDS, SHE TRIED TO PRAY.

gray mist before the eyes of the stricken mother. She sat, white lipped and tearless, gazing at the wall, but seeing nothing. Her little boy Roger gone to the war to be killed! It was incredible. Why, it seemed only yesterday that he was playing on the floor at her feet, his childish chatter an inspiration, his laugh a symphony. Oh, how could he leave her! Vaguely, wonderingly, she looked at her hands. Those callous ones on her palms! Those large, ugly knuckles! The washbasin had left its ineffaceable impression that Roger might wear creased trousers and patent leather shoes.

He was not a bad boy, she mused; only careless, indifferent and selfish through thoughtlessness. He might have been different if she had forced him to learn a trade. He was her only son, the image of his father. Her sin lay in loving him with much zeal, but little knowledge. There on the mantel stood the bottle of ammonia with which she had cleaned his trousers only the day before. Who would clean his trousers now? she wondered. And when the buttons came off his clothes who would sew them on? She had noticed for some time past that Roger was uneasy. The instincts of mankind were striving within him, there sprang a legion of men, who had tried to secure a situation, but had failed for want of an education in a specific line. Then he had become moody and despondent. She had detected the odor of alcohol on his breath and had reproved him gently, she thought. Perhaps she had been unkind. She had not meant to be. God, the all merciful, only knew the sacrifices she had made for her boy's comfort. A tear ran down her face into her mouth. It tasted bitter like aloes. She stood erect, like a bag of meal, to the floor. Burying her face in her hands, she tried to pray. Brokenly, incoherently, but aglow with the sanctity of maternal love, her prayer flew upward full of sighs and heavy with the weight of her despair. The fire went out. The water in the washbasin grew cold. It was 9 o'clock in the morning when she knelt to pray. When she arose, wan eyed and trembling, night had come.

For a month the newshybs spoke of Mrs. Williams as "great graft." She bought all the papers they brought her. Late into the night she sat up reading every line relating to the war. Each line about the Seventy-first regiment she read over and over again. Twice she received cheery letters from Roger, the last one containing a money order for his first month's pay. He apologized for keeping \$2 and went into a pitiful explanation of the things he had bought with the money, the account including needles and thread with which to sew on his buttons. It was the first money he had ever earned, and his mother knew the supreme satisfaction which it afforded him to send it to her. She did not send it back, being aware that its return would pain him.

It was not until the regiment left Tampa for Santiago that the idea of joining her boy in Cuba came to her. But when the idea had found a lodgment in her brain it never left her. Day and night she brooded over it. Once her hopes were raised high by the thought that she might become a Red Cross nurse, only to be crushed when she learned that experienced nurses only were accepted. For several days she was depressed. Then it occurred to her that she might disguise herself as a man and attain some menial employment on one of the vessels which would enable her to reach her son. Early the next morn-

A LITTLE OF HER NATIVE COUNTRY AWOKE.

In which lay for her the sum of human hope and happiness. Men fell all around her. She bent over to look at their faces and passed on. At last she found him near the crest of the hill lying on his face in the grass. She did not recognize him until she had turned him over upon his back. There was a crimson spot upon his shirt front. She ripped open the shirt and found a bullet hole in his right breast. She was strangely calm. Taking his sunny head in her lap, unmindful of the pain of lead all about her, she whispered:

"Roger, my boy, open your eyes! I'm your mother! Don't you know me?" But the shock of the bullet, the heat

and excitement had made Roger partially unconscious. He moaned feebly and muttered:

"Water! Water!"

The bent was frightful. It beat down upon the battlelike like the stroke of a ball upon a barn door. Mrs. Williams looked around helplessly. Seeing no success in sight, she took her boy in her strong arms and partly dragged, partly carried, him down the long hill, the target for a hundred bullets. By a miracle she escaped injury. The surgeon examined Roger's wound as he lay in the improvised hospital, but shook his head when Mrs. Williams looked at him inquiringly. The bullet had traversed the lung, he said, and he could hold out no hope. Meanwhile Roger was delirious. He babbled in his unconsciousness about childish things and sang snatches of song about how mother kissed him in his dreams. Then followed 24 hours of fever, during which his mother never left his side. There was no luxury procurable which Mrs. Williams did not get for her boy, but he could not eat. But to the surprise of the surgeons Roger began to get stronger, and on the fourth day he opened his eyes a sane man. His mother had preserved her disguise all through this trying season. Reason had returned to Roger in the afternoon of an insufferably hot day. His mother, exhausted by her long vigil, had fallen asleep sitting on a stool by the side of his cot. Her head was buried in the coarse pillow so that he could not see her face, but the back of her waistcoat was exposed, showing a peculiar patch which he remembered to have seen before. Then he fell asleep, and when he awoke it was night. In the gloom of the tent he noticed the form of a man sitting by his bedside.

"Oh, chap," he murmured, "are you one of the nurses?"

"Yes," was the husky reply.

"Ah," said Roger, peering through the gloom of the tent, "it seems to me I have heard your voice before. But never mind; I want you to do me a favor. I may never get away from here alive. If I should die, I wish you



BY A MIRACLE SHE ESCAPED INJURY.

would write to Mrs. Roger Williams, 242 Lexington street, New York. I was never of much use to her, and I ran away from her to come here. Break the news to her gently because she was very fond of me."

Here a tear fell on his hand. Roger thought there was a leak in the roof. He resumed:

"Tell her I wanted to be a man among men, and"

A hospital attendant came into the tent with a lantern in his hand. Its rays fell across the face bending above the cot. Roger, glancing upward, saw a pallid face, worn and wasted with slight curls, from which the copious tears of joy had washed the customer's coloring. He felt the tender caress of familiar cushioned fingers in his tousled brown curls and heard the gently protesting voice of his mother say:

"Hush, hush, my child! The surgeon says you are out of danger."

When Roger fell asleep half an hour later, his fingers were wet with the tears of a joyous reunion, while there rested upon his mother's face that look of infinite serenity which only those who have come up out of deep tribulation can ever wear.

A TAIL COAT STORY.

A Pennsylvania man traveling through Kansas recently heard a great many tall corn stories and thought he would tell some of them in a letter home. This was how he did it:

"Most of the streets are paved, the grates of corn being used for cobblestones, while the cobs are hollowed out and used for sewer pipe. The husk when taken off whole and stood on end makes a nice tent for the children to play in. It sounds queer to hear the feedman tell the driver to take a dozen grains of corn feed over to Jackson's livery stable. If it were not for soft sleep here, I don't see how they ever could harvest the corn, as the stalks would grow up in the air as high as a church steeple. However, when the ears get too heavy their weight presses the stalk down in the ground on an average of 92 feet. This brings the ear near enough to the ground to be chopped off with an ax."

Least Growing Shorter.

"It is a pity that religious scruples should be allowed to interfere with business," said a New York theatrical manager. "But they still do a little. The theater was only two-thirds full Wednesday night. However, it might be worse. Look at it now. Every seat full. You wouldn't know it was Lent at all, would you? The fact is there are only two days in Lent now anyway—Ash Wednesday and Good Friday. There used to be 40, and now there are two. Oh, it's improving! After awhile it won't make any difference to the theaters at all."

Reciprocal Benefits.

"Personal appearance is a helpful factor in business success."

"Yes, and business success is a helpful factor in personal appearance."

Chicago Record.

Fortune's Smile.

"Pa, what is 'Fortune's smile'?"

"It's the thing to which people generally give the credit for some other fellow's hard work."—Chicago Times-Herald.

## IN A TURKISH BATH.

Two weeks on the bench confined. Judge Malone has found it hard! Worn in body and in mind. Naturally his temper's jarred. Service troublesome the law's is. He was tired from many causes. He had had a trying time. And it was in plaintive tones. As he rubbed his aching bones. "Where," he cried, "is found relief?" Off his shoulders were laid. "Here I'm worn down to a bath; Letcher, tomorrow—just the thing! Guess I'll take a Turkish bath. See if good results 'will bring." Nothing else could cross his mind. When he'd made his decision, So the Turkish bath he sought. There to nothing mood was brought. He had struck the tourist zone! Up and up the mercury went! Such heat he had never known. Even an argument. In a steam was Judge Malone. At last he found himself laid out Above a gravestone 'stead of under. Upon a marble slab, without A stitch of clothes on, but a clout; And waiting for what next, in wonder, For this to him was a new path. His first time in a Turkish bath. Over him stood, with gleaming eyes, A giant in the same disguise. Or so it seemed, in steamy mist, And from the tapers of his fist In corrugated splendor lashed. He was the one they "Judge" dubbed; He was the rubber, and he rubbed And roughly pommelled, slapped and punched. Till pain went shooting through each bone And muscle of poor Judge Malone. Such pounding is for some tough meat meant To make it tender; of such treatment, When it begins to crack and hurt you, Endurance ceases to be sure. And so he acted on the notion. And loudly he denied the motion. He shouted: "Stop! I'm black and blue!" "So?" said the rubber, arched askew. "Never you mind; I'm fixing you. Sure I'm the one knows how to work A Turkish bath, for I'm the Turk!" And here he gave another jab, His victim quivering on the slab. Then in the judge's eyes suspicion Turned to a gleam of recognition. He murmured, as he looked him o'er, "Haven't I seen your face—before?" Swerved his tormentor, with a grin; "I plays the rubber, and I win; It's luck for me I'm in this biz. And so you think you twine my phiz? Perhaps 'agin yer hon'll please To sin me up fer ninety days Yer just prizefightin'. You could fool, To buck against young 'Kid' McCoole!" (Here came a welt.) "I'll show you funder!" The judge shrieked loudly: "Help, help! Murder!" And help came quickly and, half dead, Removed him from his marble bed. Malone is now a judge judicious. Though some say he is but capricious; A Turkish bath he holds precious; He fears the restaurant's bill of fare, The dentist's lug he will not dare; He won't sit in a barber's chair, But shaves himself, cuts his own hair. One drop of poison in life's cup—He fears each man that he's sent up. And, suffering thus from nerve prostration, He may send in his resignation And be resigned, his glory down. To be just plain ex-Judge Malone. —George Birdseye in Boston Globe.

Art is Long.

Artman—Crayon portraits are abominable. I'd rather be done in oil.

Speckman—Well, I wouldn't. I was done in oil once.

Artman—Ah, but perhaps the one who did it was not a real artist.

Speckman—Oh, he was an artist in his line, all right. He was a crafty broker.—Philadelphia Press.



No Need to Tell Us.

"Yes, I found the editor in."

"How did he strike you?"

"He did it so quickly I don't know."

A Stratagem.

"You're an animal," stammered the petulant husband after his wife had trodden on his toes.

"You wretch!" she hissed. "What kind of an animal?"

"A little deer," he replied, and storm gave way to sunshine.—Yonkers Herald.

Uncle Eben's Philosophy.

"When you see a man actin' mighty haughty an' overbearin'," said Uncle Eben, "you kin take comfort. He's ginerly tryin' to make up for de 'mount of bowin' an' scrapin' he haster do hisself, somewhah."—Washington Star.

Letting Him Down.

Comedian—They laughed very heartily at my jokes tonight.

Critic—Ah, yes. Any old humor passes for good humor if the audience happens to be in good humor for laughing.—Philadelphia Press.

Preferred the Bargain Kind.

"I think I'll have to go to the bargain sale this morning."

"What for?"

"One of those 'swell pocketbooks.' Mine is always flat."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Use For Chairs.

Jims—Hello, Binks! Come in; have a chair!

Binks—No, thanks. But I'll take \$10 if you have it about you.—Philadelphia North American.

## Bailey's Honolulu Cyclery Co., LIMITED. Stearns Bicycles

AT \$30, \$40, \$50 Cushion Frames, \$50.00 1900 Chainless \$75.00 FULLY GUARANTEED

The Milwaukee Patent Puncture Proof Tires. Sole Agency and only place where the guarantee on these tires can be filled is at:

## Bailey's Honolulu Cyclery, Ltd. Hilo, Hawaii

AGENTS For the Morgan & Wright Hack Tires.

## H. Hackfeld & Co., Ltd.

Offer to the trade unusual facilities in the purchase of:

Groceries, Flour, Feedstuffs, Hardware, Drygoods, Boots and Shoes, Notions, Saddlery, Etc., Etc., Etc.

SOLE AGENTS for the PORTLAND FLOURING MILLS and SPERRY FLOUR CO.

Having large contract with these Mills, we can supply the different brands at special rates.

H. HACKFELD & Co., Ltd. HONOLULU, H. I.

## This Space Reserved for

## H. May & Co., Ltd.

Grocers HONOLULU, H. I.

## This Space Reserved

## Benson, Smith AND Company

DRUGGISTS HONOLULU, H. I.

## The Bank of Hawaii LIMITED.

Incorporated Under the Laws of the Republic of Hawaii. CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.00 OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

Chas. M. Cooke, President P. C. Jones, Vice-President C. H. Cooke, Cashier F. C. Atherton, Assistant Cashier

Directors—Henry Waterhouse, Tom May, F. W. Macfarlane, E. D. Tenney, J. A. McCandless.

Solicits the Accounts of Firms, Corporations, Trusts, Individuals, and will promptly and carefully attend to all business connected with banking entrusted to it. Sell and Purchase Foreign Exchange, Issue Letters of Credit.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT. Ordinary and Term Deposits received and interest allowed in accordance with rules and conditions printed in pass books, copies of which may be had on application. Judd Building, Fort St., Honolulu

For sale by all Leading Stores and Druggists

Main office and permanent address: Cor. Chapel and Hamilton St. New Haven, Conn.

For sale by all Leading Stores and Druggists

## Pacific Cycle & Mfg. Co. HONOLULU

AGENTS FOR STERLING and IVER JOHNSON Bicycles

DEALERS IN ALL kind of sporting Goods

All kind of Repairs by Expert Workmen.

P. O. BOX 751

HONOLULU

HONOLULU